THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates--the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of Truth.

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For the Observer.

MADAM,

By the perusal of a periodical paper lately published in London, I have been informed of the death of General Paoli, who so nobly distinguished himself in the defence of his country, against the oppression of the Genoese, who with a spirit truly characteristic of that mercenary Republic, carried on a war of extermination against the Corsicans. It is not necessary in this place to expatiate on the virtues and merits of this accomplished statesman and valiant chief; the interesting sketch of his life which I have the honour to present to you, sufficiently demonstrates the superiority of his powers. I shall only observe in this place, that although he was not successful in effecting the total independence of his country, yet posterity owes him the same tribute of admiration that is paid to the most illustrious founders of National prosperity.

D.

GENERAL PAOLI.

On Thursday, February the fifth, died, at his house on the Edgeware Road, at the advanced age of eighty-one, Pascal Paoli, distinguished in the annals of modern times as the patriotic champion of the liberty and independence of Corsica. He was born in that island in the year 1726, and was the second son of Giacinto Paoli, a man of considerable weight and influence in the country, who had frequently taken an active part in the government of its affairs. The early part of Pascal's education was conducted under the immediate care and superintendance of his father; but when the circumstances of the island induced him to remove his family to Naples, Pascal was placed under the tuition of the Jesuits at the university of that city.

Corsica, which was destined to be the theatre on which the genius of young Paoli was to be called into action,

had, before his birth, experienced many vicissitudes, and been subjected to a variety of masters. Different states held it in subjection by turns, just as their power predominated over that of their neighbours. During the prosperity of the Carthagenians, it had to own them for its lords: afterwards it passed successively to the Romans, and to their conquerors, the barbarians of the north: then to the Saracens; afterwards to the Pope, who made a transfer of it to the Pisans; and, lastly, was wrested from them by their more powerful neighbours and competitors, the Genoese, who, after some severe struggles, attended with various successes, became in the year 1354, its complete and undisputed sovereigns. In so many changes o proprietors, all equally regardless of their improvement and happiness, it is impossible but that the inhabitants must have been exposed to many of the severest effects of tyranny and oppression. But the despotism of the Genoese made all their former durance and suffering appear light. They neglected no means to make them feel their authority, and ruled them with a sceptre of iron. There is a point beyond which arbitrary power cannot depress its victim, and from which, if once driven to it, its weapons will recoil, with accumulated force, to its own overthrow and disgrace. To this extreme the Genoese appear to have prosecuted their measures in Corsica, until the natives, unable to endure more, rose in rebellion. In the year 1729 they revolted in formidable numbers, and, under the conduct of Giacinto Paoli, obtained considerable successes in their war with their oppressors. It was in the course of this protracted contest that Theodore de Newhoffe, a necessitous, wandering German baron, by dint of artifice and specious promises, prevailed upon the Corsicans to elect him for their king. His reign being, however, shortly terminated, by the detection of his falsehood in every promise he had made, the islanders were once more obliged to look up to their native leaders for advice and support. After continuing in this situation for some years, governed by chiefs of their own appointment, under whom they prosecuted the war against the Genoese, a vacancy occurred on the death of Gaffori, who had once been the colleague of Giacinto Paoli in the government. It was at this season, in the year 1755, that their attention was directed to young Paoli, then studying at Naples.

His progress had been solid, and rapid almost beyond example; and, from the diligence and success with which he attended to the instructions of his able and acute masters, the most favourable and sanguine hopes were entertained of his future advancement and greatness. The reports which reached Corsica of his genius and promising abilities, at once pointed him out to his countrymen as the most proper object of their choice to the supreme command; and an application to this effect was transmitted to his father at Naples. Nothing could be more gratifying to the feelings of Pascal than this voluntary and striking testimony of the good opinion and attachment of the people among whom he had been born; and, impressed with the generous ambition of serving his country, by asserting its liberties, he resolved to comply with the honourable proposal which had been made to him. His resolution on this occasion was not the rash dictate of the moment, induced by the prospect, fascinating at all times to the mind of youth, of eminence and fame; it was the reluctant determination of genuine patriotism, in which his diffidence and fear were forcibly overcome by the imperious calls of public duty. Of the greatness of the undertaking in which he was about to embark, and of the difficulties and dangers attending it, he was by no means insensible; but, considering his abilities, whatever they might be, as the rightful property of his country, he nobly determined to make every necessary sacrifice of a personal nature, to advance as far as he was able, its welfare and prosperity. This resolution was highly pleasing to his venerable father. He viewed with feelings of parental exultation, the obedience of his son to the calls of his oppressed country; and a ray of patriotic hope beamed in his countenance when he beheld him about to embark, in all the fire of youth, in the great cause to which he had himself devoted many of the best years of his protracted life. When on the eve of bidding a last adieu to his son, the venerable sire, agitated by a crowd of contending feelings, addressed him in the following affectionate language: "My son, I may possibly never see you more; but in my mind I shall ever be present with you. Your design is a great and a noble one; and I doubt not but that God will bless you in it. The little which remains to me of life, I will

allot to your cause, in offering up my prayers and supplications to heaven for your protection and prosperity.*

When Paoli landed in the island, all was enthusiasm and hope. His appearance seemed to verify every eulogium which had been passed upon his character, and to realize every expectation which had been formed upon the report of his talents. His dignified, though modest demeanour, his manly aspect, and general firmness and energy of character, rendered more engaging and attractive by his amiable temper, and affable deportment towards all with whom he conversed, warmed all hearts with admiration, and afforded an auspicious earnest of the eminence he was ultimately to attain. His formal appointment to the chief command, which took place soon after his arrival, was announced to the public in a proclamation of the supreme council, dated at St. Antonio of the White House, July 15, 1755. At the time Paoli was invested with the government of the island, the state of its affairs, and the general condition of its inhabitants, were most disorderly and wretched, and required the most prompt exertions of the great powers of his genius to regulate and reform them. The Genoese, notwithstanding every exertion to expel them, were still in possession of a great part of the country; and there was a total want of that discipline and subordination among the troops, and of that harmony and confidence among their leaders, so essentially necessary to enable them to act with vigour and effect; and they were almost entirely destitute of the arms, ammunition and money requisite to prosecute a successful warfare against so vindictive and determined a foe as they had to contend with. Besides this, the people, rendered cruel, sanguinary, and desperate, by continual injustice and almost hopeless oppression, abandoned themselves, in many instances, to the most uncontrolled licentiousness, erected the turbulent dictates of inflamed passion into a supreme law, and avenged every insult and offence with the dagger of the assassin. Paoli directed his first attention to the Genoese, and was soon enabled, by the spirit and energy which his presence and direction inspired into the breasts of his countrymen, to drive them from all the interior districts, and to confine them to the maritime towns. He then availed himself of this tempo-

* *Boswell's Account of Corsica, p.* 126.

rary tranquillity to form some internal regulations, and embarked seriously in the difficult and hazardous undertaking of correcting the disorders which every where prevailed among the people, and of legislating for them a code of criminal law, which should at once meet their concurrence and approbation, and effectually restrain their licentiousness. This was a task which demanded all the wisdom, prudence, and vigour of which he was master; and he had the felicity to succeed in it even beyond his most sanguine expectations. By carefully studying the temper of those with whom he had to deal, and by directing his regulations in a more especial manner to those abuses which were most flagrant and notorious, he contrived to win their fullest confidence, and to persuade them that the laws he had instituted were such as were essential to their personal security, and could operate as a restraint and terror only to the criminal and evil-disposed.* He thus insensibly prevailed upon them to forego, to a considerable extent, the avenging of personal insult by the fatal and pernicious practice of assassination, and to transfer the right of punishment to the more dispassionate and equitable judgment of a public tribunal. After having thus established a code of civil and criminal law for the regulation of his turbulent subjects, he proceeded by easy gradations to adopt other measures of civilization and national improvement. He provided for the education of

* A striking display of the character of the legislator and of the subject, is given in the following anecdote, related by Paoli to Mr. Boswell, when he visited Corsica: "A criminal," said he, "was condemned to die. His nephew came to me with a lady of distinction, that she might solicit his pardon. The nephew's anxiety made him think that the lady did not speak with sufficient force and earnestness. He therefore advanced, and addressed himself to me, "Sir, is it proper for me to speak?" as if he felt that it was unlawful to make such an application. I bid him go on. "Sir, said he, with the deepest concern, "may I beg the life of my uncle? If it is granted, his relations will make a gift to the state of a thousand zechins. We will furnish fifty soldiers in pay during the siege of Furiani. We will agree that my uncle shall be banished, and will engage that he shall never return to the island." I knew the nephew to be a man of worth, and I answered him: You are acquainted with the circumstances of this case. Such is my confidence in you, that if you will say that giving your uncle a pardon would be just, useful or honourable for Corsica, I promise you it shall be granted. He turned about, burst into tears, and left me, saying, "Non vorrei vendere l'onore della patria per mille zechini. I would not have the honour of our country sold for a thousand zechins." And his uncle suffered. Boswell's Corsica, page 312.

children by establishing schools in all the villages within his jurisdiction; and founded an university at Corte, which may be regarded as the metropolis of his dominions, upon as enlarged and liberal a plan as the circumstances of the island would at that period admit. To these salutary measures he added others which embraced the great sources of national strength and power, agriculture, manufacture and commerce; and in the whole of his proceedings conducted himself with so much judgement, delicacy, and discretion, as neither to inspire enmity nor excite opposition among those who were to fall more immediately within the operation of his regulations.†

(To be continued.)

VARIETY.

Louis XV. at the age of sixteen, was as deficient in gallantry as he was ridiculous for too much of it at fifty. He wept when informed of his intended marriage with the young and handsome Infanta of Spain; and nothing was capable of comforting him till he was assured that he was not to live with her for a long time to come. On her arrival in France, the King went as far as Bourg la Reine to meet her. He embraced her without saying a word, and returned to Paris to receive her at the Louvre. There he still maintained profound silence, which caused the young Princess to say, that the King was handsome, but he had nothing more to say than her doll.

Moliere lodged at the house of a physician, whose wife was avaricious. She wanted to raise the rent of his apart-

† Paoli was at this time young, not 30 years of age, and yet in no part of his life did his genius and abilities shine with greater lustre. The following is an eulogium of no mean worth, drawn by the masterly pen of Voltaire, and occasioned by the consideration of this part of Paoli's conduct. "Quelque chose qu'on ait dit de lui (Paoli) il n'est pas possible que ce chef n'eut de grandes qualites. Etablir un gouvernment regulier chez un peuple qui n'en voulait point; reunir sous les memes lois des hommes divises et indisciplines; former a la fois des troupes reglees, et instituer une espece d'universite qui pouvait adoucir les moeurs, etablir des tribunaux de justice, mettre un frein a la fureur des assassinats et des meurtres, policer la barbarie, se faire aimer en se faisant obeir tout cela n'etait pas assurement d'un homme ordinaire. Il ne put faire assez, ni pour rendre la Corse libre, ni pour y regner pleinement; mais il en fit assez pour acquerir de la gloire. Voltaire, Siecle de Louis XV. Article "De la Corse."

ment, which obliged him to seek other lodgings. Vexed at this circumstance, Moliere let slip no opportunity of turning the profession into ridicule. Into his piece, entitled *l'Amour Medecin*, he introduced the first physicians of the court with masks, which perfectly resembled the persons he had in view. These were Messrs. de Fougerais, Esprit, Guenaut, and Daquin. As Moliere wished to disguise their names, he applied to his friend Boileau for suitable appellations. These Boileau borrowed from Greek terms descriptive of the characters of those gentlemen. To M. de Fougerais he gave the name of *Desfonandres*, which signifies killer of men; to M. Esprit, who stammered, that of *Bebis*, yelper or barker; to M. Guenaut, who spoke very deliberately, that of *Macroton*; and to M. Daquin, who generally prescribed bleeding, that of *Tomes*, the bleeder.

A lady of much good sense was told that her husband paid court to several handsome women. I don't care, replied she, if my husband sends his heart abroad all day, provided he brings it back to me at night.

The illustrious M. de Malsherbes, in the interval between his two administrations, travelled for the purpose of adding to his knowledge. On one of these occasions, he found at an inn two young officers who were proceeding to the camp which was at that time near Brest. They were conversing on natural history, and M. de Malsherbes, who had bestowed considerable attention to the subject, gave his opinion and the reasons for it, on the question proposed. The officers appeared surprised, that this fat man whose appearance had nothing striking, should thus mingle in their conversation; but they knew enough to be sensible that he was better acquainted with the subject than they, and that he had given them some new information; they invited him to dine with them. The conversation fell upon M. de Malsherbes, and his retirement from the administration. The two officers extolled him as the best minister, and the most to be regretted that France had ever had. Their praises placed M. de Malsherbes in the same situation as Henry IV. with the miller, when the modest coldness with which he spoke

of that good king excited a suspicion that he was one of the Leaguers. "Gentlemen," said he, "nobody is better acquainted with M. de Malsherbes than myself; he is a very honest man, with intentions the most upright, but he is not fit for a prime minister." At these words the fat man lost three-fourths of the consideration which his companion entertained for him. Without any regard for his decision, they redoubled their praises of M. de Malsherbes, and his panegyrists declared, that they extremely regretted never having seen or known him. "Gentlemen, he is not perhaps so far from this place as you may think, for I know he is on his way to see his son-in-law, M. de Montboissier, at the camp before Brest." They now listened with some interest to the fat man, who had spoken so ill, but who was so well acquainted with M. de Malsherbes, and even inspired them with the hope of seeing him. "Ah! if you could but meet with him and introduce us to him!" "Your curiosity, gentlemen, would flatter him much, and surprise him still more." "There is nothing we would not do to gratify it." "You shall not go far for that purpose—Receive his thanks for your obliging allusion with respect to him; it is he himself who has the honor to be speaking to you." "Ah! we might have guessed so: none but he could have spoken of himself with such unjust and excessive modesty." The new friends made an appointment to meet again, first at the camp, and afterwards at Paris, where a friendship begun under such happy auspices, was carefully cultivated on both sides.

Anecdote of D'Alembert.

D'Alembert was the son of a celebrated lady of high rank, who, to conceal her indiscretion, caused him to be exposed on the steps of the church of St. Roch. Here he was found by a poor woman, who earned a livelihood by her needle; she adopted him, maintained him by the produce of her labour, and placed him in the college of Montaigu. The young man profited by the instruction he received, so that, like Pascal, he made new discoveries in geometry in his fifteenth year. His name soon became known over all Europe, and the learned courted the society of the young student of Montaigu. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady

at last began to be proud of having given birth to such a son. His foster-mother had been watched, and consequently the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without contributing towards his subsistence. Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day repaired to the college, and requested to see the youth. He came. She began a long harangue on the tyranny of prejudice, on the pain she felt at being obliged to forsake him, and so forth. "I am your mother," said she. "You my mother, madam? You are mistaken. I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He turned his back on her, and never saw her more, but cotinued the affectionate and dutiful son of the semstress, and repaid her with interest in her old age, the cares she had bestowed on his childhood.

For the Observer.

DOCTOR CRAWFORD'S THEORY,

AND AN APPLICATION OF IT TO THE TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

(Continued from p. 250.)

Swammerdam appears to have been the first who evinced that the principles of life, in the smaller objects of creation, deviated no further from those of the larger, than was requisite for accomplishng the purposes for which they were designed. Our author clearly perceived that all animated beings must be governed by one law, varied as the several circumstances require. His work was not published until after his death. His papers experienced much vicissitude. After having passed through several hands, and lain dormant for a number of years, they were collated with great difficulty, and at a considerable expense by the celebrated Boerhaave. They were published under his auspices in the latin and Holland tongues at Leyden in 1735, and properly stiled the Bible of nature.

They were translated into English, first by Thomas Lloyd, and a revised and more enlarged Edition was afterwards given by the indefatigable Dr. Hill in 1758, from which the following particulars are extracted, being

pointedly connected with the object I have in view. To accumulate the proof that the principles of life are the same in all, and that the manner of extinguishing it, in as far as it can be subjected to our senses is equally similar, is the best basis on which we can found our conclusions respecting the fate of those to whom the power of our senses cannot extend. It cannot be too often repeated, nor too strongly inculcated that our reasoning faculties are incapable of the smallest comprehension of the unknown, except in proceeding from that which is known.—In this procedure too much care cannot be taken to avoid false analogies; effects invariably attendant upon the known must be perfectly in unison with those of the unknown; if there is the smallest chasm, the slightest deviation, the similitude of character between the known and the unknown must be rejected. If they accord in every particular, they may be safely received, and will serve as a basis for correct conclusions.

Our author gives the following account of the manner in which mites find a passage into cheese, causing it to rot instead of being caused by, or formed themselves out of rotteness. He thus concludes his Letter on that subject addressed to Mr. Thevenot. "I have therefore taken upon me to lay before you, most illustrious Philosopher, a full account of this little worm, and its fly; their external appearance, their dispositions and their internal structure; for I can take upon me to affirm that the limbs and other parts of this worm are so uncommon and so elegant, and contrived with so much art and design that it is impossible not to acknowledge them the work of infinite wisdom to which nothing is hidden, nothing impossible. You will see these minute creatures have, as well as the greatest, a brain, nerves, muscles, lungs, salivary ducts, a stomach, small and large intestines, cœca or a blind gut, pinguiferous or fat membranes and all the other organs necessary to their life."

Swammerdam, after having given a curious anatomical description of this little animal, thus proceeds.

"And now let the sharpest genius and men of the greatest penetration and learning judge of a creature in the fabric of which there plainly appears so much art, order, contrivance and wisdom; nay in which is seen the hand itself of the omnipotent God, could possibly be

the production of rotteness, or blind chance. Is not the light of the human understanding alone, unassisted by divine revelation, sufficient to convince us that it cannot be so? certainly it is sufficient. The illustrious Redi, in his contest on that subject with Father Bononi as evidently proves that this system of the production of animals from putrefaction assisted, as they would have it, by heat and moisture is founded on the erroneous maxims of heathen Philosophers, unacquainted with any superior origin of existence. That ingenious naturalist most accurately explains in what manner mites produce from flies."

"These deposit their eggs in the cracks and holes of cheese. The body of these flies terminates in so fine a point, that they are able to thrust it into, and penetrate very deep in the smallest openings. The rotteness of the cheese is really occasioned by the worms which proceed from these eggs; for they crumble the substance of it into small particles, and moisten it with their secretions, which necessarily produces putrefaction.

I once observed a cheese, which I had purposely exposed to these kind of flies, in order that they should lay their eggs in it, grow moist in a short time, in those parts where the eggs had been deposited, and had afterwards been hatched into worms, though before the cheese was perfectly sound and entire. I likewise observed that this putrefaction in cheese is considerably augmented by the carcases of the worms that die in it, a fate which many experience: and it is impossible there should not, as it is a certain death to them not to be able to harden into nymphs, and all of them cannot escape from the moisture into a dry situation, which is necessary to such a change. Further I have observed that some of those worms contain other worms within their bodies, but so minute as to be scarcely discoverable. But on extracting these smaller worms, I found they were almost of the same form with those they inhabited, though they move themselves in quite a different manner." Our Author was not acquainted with the ichneumon tribe, nor that however small any insect may be, that it is subjected to the depredations of these common destroyers of life,

(To be continued.)

For the Observer.

THEATRICAL.

Friday, 16th Oct.

DOUGLAS.

The tragedy of Douglas was written by the Rev. Mr. Home, a clergyman of the church of Scotland, about 50 years ago.—On its appearance, all the bigots and fanatics of the day took the alarm; they lamented the dreadful depravity of the times, and foretold that the vengeance of Heaven would assuredly fall upon the *Land of Cakes*, blast its fertility, and curse its future generations. Their prophecies, like many other prophecies, have not taken place. The sun, and the moon, and the stars, rise and set as usual, and the people of Scotland are now in a more flourishing state than at any former period, with infinitely less bigotry and fanaticism, aad much more humanity and brotherly love.

This justly admired tragedy is founded upon an incident recorded in the history of the Douglas family, so famous in Scottish story. It is written on the purest model of the Greeks, without the Chorus, and will be read and acted whilst the English language exists. It was not, however, at first much liked, as the public taste had not yet been thoroughly purified from the unnatural rant and fustian of Lee, Dryden, and other writers of the old school. Mr. Garrick had the merit of correcting both writers and actors, and of inducing them by his own example, "to copy Nature and Nature's laws." At length, the play of Douglas, by its classic merit and beauty, gained the ascendancy; and both in the closet and on the stage, it will ever be read and acted with applause.

It is remarkable, that Mr. Home wrote two other tragedies, which have long since sunk into oblivion, so much were they inferiour to his first and best production.

The plan of this tragedy is not founded on a silly love plot, so common in all common plays: it is not calculated to gratify or mislead love-sick maidens and "*despairing lovyers*," but is grounded on the maternal feelings and sorrows of Lady Randolph, who had lost her son; who found him, and then lost him again forever. But these feelings and emotions must be represented by an actress of no common merit, and of a particular cast and character,

Even Mrs. Siddons was not an excellent Lady Randolph; she was of too bold and masculine a figure and manner for this gentle part. In the hands of Mrs. Warren, we think, it must appear to peculiar advantage: her voice, her looks, and actions, are every way calculated to give it the necessary portions of tenderness and motherly feeling. But we are forced to confess, that we do not know a proper young Norval in the whole company.

But what shall we say of *this* night's performance?—Our remarks shall be confined to five words—"It was a complete murder."—One of the greatest audiences this season was collected to see the worst acted play! If the Manager was unacquainted with this "real mockery," he may be excused: if he did know it, we may ask the *honourable* friend of the *honourable* Col. Burr, if a good action does not lie against him by the Auditors, for the loss of so much time and money?—He might have at least a week's speechifying on so palpable a fraud, which, by repetition, must injure the Manager's own interest.

P. S. *Philo-Crito* has been informed, that his remarks on the play of *The School for Scandal* have given offence to certain old men and elderly women. He begs leave to say, that it is not his wish to interfere with the duties of the Clergy: God knows, they have business enough on their hands between their own and their neighbour's *peccadillos*. It will require both the Pulpit and the stage to conquer the monster *Calumny*. What the one cannot do by the fear of the Devil, the other may accomplish by the force of ridicule. With all due deference to their Reverences, we have sometimes known more good done by one stroke of satire, than by fifty sermons!

Oh, says Mrs. *Tabitha Gadabout*, (we fear there is more than one lady of that name) we have no such thing as scandal in Baltimore. Indeed! Is there no frittering away of characters; no broad insinuations against reputations; no sly and shrewd observations on the foibles of our neighbours: no sneering at the follies of the young or the faults of the old: no high-minded zealots, in the heighth of spiritual pride, condemning their brethren to hell's fire, because they happen not to believe the creeds or confessions of their church?—If there are none of these things amongst us, then, in that case, *Philo-Crito* aknowledges that he is in the wrong, and ought to ask pardon of the good people of Baltimore.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 24th Oct. 997, died *Hugh Capet*, viscount of Paris and Orleans, Duke of the French, chief of the third race or dynasty of the Kings of France, called *Capets*. He was 57 years of age, and had reigned ten. It was under his reign, that Gerbert, Archbishop of Rheims, known since by the name of Pope Sylvester the II. is said to have introduced the *Arabian figures* which we now use, and which are supposed to have been originally derived from the Indians. It was he also who constructed the first clock, the movement of which was regulated by a balance, and which was used until 1650, when a pendulum was placed in the centre of the balance.

The 24th Oct. 1601, died *Tycho Brahe*, a celebrated astronomer, and one of the most learned men of the XVI century. He was of an illustrious Danish family originally from Sweden, and devoted, in his Observatory, more than 100,000 crowns to the improvement of Astronomy. It was there that he invented the *system of the World* which bears his name. Although honoured with the esteem of the learned, and the visits and favours of the Kings and Princes of his day, yet the *Envious* accomplished depriving him of his pensions. He then left his ungrateful country and went to Prague, where he ended his career. He was, besides, a chymist and a poet, and so ingenious, that, having lost his nose in a duel, he constructed another of gold and wax, which he so perfectly fitted, that the accident was hardly perceptible.

The 24th Oct. 1655, died, aged 64, *Pierre Gassendi*, a great Mathematician, and one of the most erudite Philosophers which France has produced. He wrote on the philosophy of Epicurus.

ANATOMICAL DESCRIPTION
OF THE
HEART OF A COQUETTE.

The subject of this exquisite piece of pleasantry is borrowed from the Spectator, but it has been greatly embellished by the Italian poet, Pignotti, from whose performance this article is translated. It is to be regretted that this pleasing writer did not employ his talents on another piece in the same work relative to the examination of the

brain of a *petit maitre*, which, in his hands, would probably have been still more interesting than that which is here presented to the reader.

"O, charming sex! O, lovely women! if in my verses I have sometimes ventured to excite the mirth of my readers at your gallant customs, I know, however, that so far from reproaching me, you have joined in the laugh, because I never armed myself with the lash of satire to censure your morals, or to wound your delicacy. Continue, I beseech you, to do justice to my sentiments, and believe that to please you will ever be my most ardent wish.

But if almost all females are gentle, lovely, and modest, still there are some, as you must yourselves admit, who are indiscreet and intolerant. To these the most innocent pleasantries are harsh and grating truths; and they have positively declared that, let me assume whatever tone and say whatever I will, I shall never be able to please them. Ought this severe decision to discourage me? No; I will resemble the countryman, who, heedless of the shrill chirping of the grasshoppers around him, quietly pursues and finishes his work.

To satisfy, however, if it be possible, those who think that there is too much folly in my productions, I will now treat of things both grave and important. I perceive your extreme astonishment.—You hesitate to believe me. —Ladies, deign to honour me with your attention, I am going to speak of—anatomy.

Ye tender and delicate beauties, be not alarmed at my audacious undertaking. I will not distress your eyes with the disgusting spectacle of an amphitheatre; I will not wound your ears with those hard technical words, which it was useless labour to go so far to seek, for the purpose of rendering them so difficult to the tongue and so disagreeable to the ear.

A physician, an old friend of mine, took me the other day into a spacious hall, where a skilful professor of anatomy was going publicly to dissect the heart of a young and beautiful woman.

During the whole course of her life, she had manifested the most extraordinary caprices and in her actions, loving to day what she hated yesterday, and in a few hours renouncing this new inclination and adopting another.

She was continually in such an agitation of sentiments; that she reminded you of the spectacle of the sea, which, sometimes calm, at others lightly ruffled by the zephyrs, and often perturbed by boisterous winds, is incessantly presenting a new aspect to the view.

(Concluded in our next number.)

For the Observer.

AN ADIEU TO LOVE.

GO Love, no more my breast annoy,
Nor seek to move this heart again;
Go! idle, false, deluding boy!
Thy tender promises are vain!

For, long on fickle woman's smiles,
I've trusted, but to be deceived!
And found them but made up of wiles,
Betraying most, when most believed:—

Then go, deceitful boy!—depart,
Those hours of sweet belief are o'er;
Go—go, nor seek again this heart,
For it can welcome thee no more!

FREDERICK.

ERRATA,

In the piece signed F. published last week—line 23 for *Acters*, read *Performers*—line 58, for *salutation.*, read *solicitation.*

WE are happy to inform the readers of the Observer, that in consequence of a change of Printer, the paper will after this week appear regularly every Saturday.

S. MAGILL, Printer, 9, South-Street.